SHOWTIME

MAY 1964 9D

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY

FULL COLOUR PORTRAITS OF

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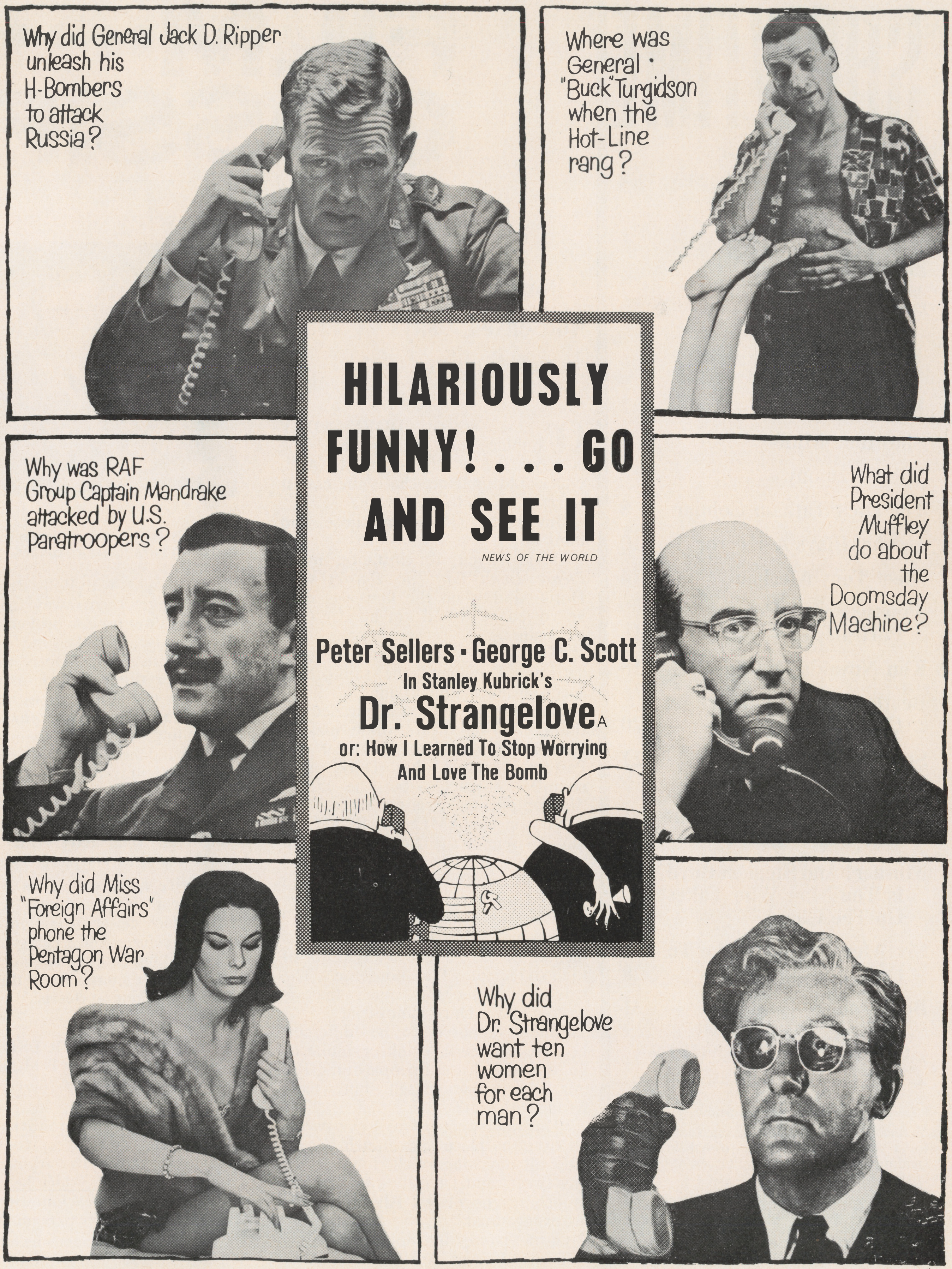

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SHOWTIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY
© Rank Theatre Division Ltd., 1964

May, 1964

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FILM..... GOSSIP

Edited by Tony Crawley

"Doris temperamental? Nonsense!" says James Garner

On the screen **DORIS DAY** bubbles like champagne. She is gay. She is light-hearted. And, you would imagine, she is the easiest actress in films to work with.

But is she? There are those who think not.

David Niven, for instance, made *Please Don't Eat The Daisies* with Doris—and when the film was over he vowed he would not appear with her again.

"She's one of the most difficult actresses I've met," he said. "She spent so much time crying."

Cary Grant, too, was puzzled by the Day-by-day tears while making *That Touch of Mink*. Producer Joe Pasternak agrees that Doris is a complex character—but he adds: "Uncomplicated girls can't act."

Now meet **JAMES GARNER.** In films he went on the Day-trip excursion twice. He made *The Thrill Of It All* and *Move Over, Darling* with her. And enjoyed the experience, it seems.

"Working with Doris is a ball," he told me. "I heard she was temperamental, but I've not seen any proof of the statement. It's nonsense. The trouble is that too much that is written about Doris is not true.

"She's supposed to be 'different' because she doesn't drink, or smoke, or go to parties. Lots of people don't. I'm not a party man myself—but what's wrong with that?

"Doris is supposed to leave sweets all over the place and munch chocolates all day long. Well, I didn't see any sweets and I hardly ever saw her munching chocolates. All the stories are exaggerated."

Garner paused for thought.

Then: "For me, working with Doris really was a great experience. I don't understand these stories about her being temperamental. I broke one of her ribs while making *Move Over, Darling*. It was during that scene where she fights with Polly Bergen and I have to get them away from each other. I know how a broken rib can hurt because I broke one during a film. But, as far as Doris was concerned everything went on as normal. She acted as if nothing had happened and turned up the next day happy and smiling, despite the pain and the special bandage. Does that sound like a temperamental star to you?"

Showtime's Tony Crawley (they call him The Beard) talks to James Garner.

Remember DOLORES HART, the young Hollywood actress who gave up her successful career to become a nun?

A novice now, she writes from the Connecticut Regina Laudis convent: "I feel much closer to Hollywood now than ever before. And I can sympathise with its aching hearts and enter into its joys so much more, from this viewpoint. Everything is clearer."

I bumped into **PETER USTINOV** in a Soho newsagents. Told him he couldn't buy SHOWTIME there just yet, and asked what was new.

"I finished *Topkapi* with Melina Mercouri, in which I replaced Peter Sellers," he said. "I'm trying to see *The Pink Panther* in which he replaced me. I'd like to make a film with Peter. A producer might like to team us".

Next day I heard someone aiming to do just that. Producer Norman Jewison wants them to join **JACK LEMMON** in *The Off-Islanders*. Their roles? Two Russian sailors who run out of ammunition and bombard Lemmon, the enemy, with eggs instead.

Showtime brings you the latest showbusiness news

One American producer wants ALBERT FINNEY for *Tom Dooley*—presumably to soak up his success as *Tom Jones*. By such reasoning Terence Stamp should be *Billy Bunter* after *Billy Budd*.

JOAN CRAWFORD loves her horror films. And no wonder. She got 15-per-cent of the huge profits of *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane*? She's due for another pile from her new terror hit, *Straight-Jacket*. I hear she's quaking . . . all the way to the bank.

FUNNIEST SIGHT IN NEW YORK THESE DAYS—**HERMIONE GINGOLD** SMOKING HER PIPE! "WHO SAID THEY WERE FOR MEN ONLY?" ASKS HERMIONE. "I THINK PIPES CAN BECOME VERY FEMININE."

WILLIAM CASTLE, still chasing Hitchcock for the title of Horror King, is preparing something very nasty for us all. His next film, The Night Walker, *is written by the author of* Psycho, *Robert Bloch. And, says Castle, gleefully: "It features a form of human destruction never before seen on the screen anywhere in the world."*

Are you sitting comfortably? Good, then I'll begin . . . Once upon a time, long ago, there was a film being planned. *Lady L* they called it.

L for LOLLOBRIGIDA, as Gina was the actress due to star with TONY CURTIS. Then L for Luckless as the expenses shot up and the scripts were shot down. Now its L for LOREN as Sophia intends to salvage it and star with her *Roman Empire* co-star, STEPHEN BOYD.

They hope to start soon. Like L for Leather, I should think.

Here's PAUL NEWMAN sounding-off: "Sure I'm two people—Paul Newman the human being and Paul Newman the actor. The first one is NOT up for sale. When anyone hires the second, I do the best job I can. But nobody has the right to tell me how to live . . . dress . . . or think."

So there!

I can't wait to get my hands on a new book, "Yes I Can Run". The reason? The author is SAMMY DAVIS. The book is an autobiography.

There's no holding ANN-MARGRET. *Her new three-year contract will earn the swinging Swede a cool million dollars. From such projects as Irving Berlin's musical,* Say It With Music, *starring anyone who's anyone in the music-biz (except the Beatles)—and her London assignment,* The Yellow Rolls Royce, *with Hugh O'Brien.*

That awful noise the secretaries heard coming from behind a closed door at the studios was **ROCK HUDSON . . .** *taking singing lessons.*

How's this for a mixed bunch? **DORIS DAY'S** husband **MARTY MELCHER** is producing *The Cavern* in Yugoslavia—with Hollywood's **JOHN SAXON** . . . Italy's **ROSANNA SCHIAFFINO** . . . and Germany's **JOACHIM HANSEN**. Who speaks what—and to whom?

KIRK DOUGLAS tells me he has two films lined up this year. One is a modern horror story, *Seconds*, for his own company. But first comes *In Harm's Way*, a naval drama set during Pearl Harbour. This will be made for OTTO PREMINGER.

Preminger's reputation as a hard task-master doesn't worry Kirk. "Why should it?" he said. "What's he gonna do—knock me over the head? If he does I'll kick him right back!" Could be interesting.

PETER O'TOOLE'S favourite last course while dining in Hong Kong—snake juice! His guest, Greer Garson, wasn't so impressed. "Who wants to know what snake tastes like," she commented.

At a dinner party Debbie Reynolds takes time to sign an autograph book for a fan. Debbie is now making *Goodbye Charlie*. Tony Curtis co-stars with her in this comedy.

SHOWTIME 1964

MAIL

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Enjoying the comforts

Who'd be a film star? Germany's Elke Sommer owns a big estate, complete with park and lake at Nuremberg, an apartment in Paris, and a modern house in California. Yet I hear she spends most of her time living in hotels. I'd rather enjoy the comforts of success.

Pam Compton,
Oakley Road,
Islington, N.1.

Well deserved

How glad I am that Tom Tryon has finally hit the big time in films. I remember seeing him in a picture some time ago and it was obvious he had talent. The film was called *I Married A Monster From Outer Space*. Surely a man who shines in a film with a title like that deserves recognition!

John Meeker,
Trouville Road,
Clapham Park,
London, S.W.4.

Things are moving

Many people suggested that Sue Lyon was a five-minute wonder and that after *Lolita* producers wouldn't touch her. But how wrong they were.

True Sue had to wait a little time before getting her second screen role—in *The Night Of The Iguana*—but now things are really moving for her. She stars in *Return To The Ashes*, which is directed by Britain's gift to Hollywood, J. Lee Thompson, and then she has a choice of three productions.

I'm sure that girl is going to become the biggest thing to hit the screen in years. She has got just what it takes to become a big, big star. *Lolita* was just the beginning.

Reg Gilliat,
Knights Way,
Brentwood,
Essex.

Tough life

As an ex-beauty queen I completely agree with Val Guest's comments on the glamour game in April SHOWTIME. It *is* a heart-breaking business and I am glad I am now out of it.

I look forward to seeing Mr. Guest's production, *The Beauty Jungle* but I am sure it will bring back many unhappy memories to me.

Rita Donaldson,
Oaklands Park Avenue,
Ilford, Essex.

What a team

I hear that Ingrid Bergman has made a film with Anthony Quinn, *The Visit*. What a tremendous team. Surely they are two of the screen's finest actors?

Can you tell me a little about the film?

Petula Thompson,
Bowes Road,
Palmers Green,
London, N.13.

(*The Visit* tells the story of the richest woman in the world, who returns to her home town to seek revenge for the humiliations imposed upon her in her youth by the townsfolk. It is directed by Bernhard Wicki).

Audrey's other picture

I was under the impression Audrey Hepburn made two films in Paris recently. One was that exciting thriller *Charade*, with Cary Grant—the other title I can't remember, although I have a feeling William Holden starred with her.

Did she, in fact, make a picture in Paris soon after *Charade*—and if so, what is it called?

Sheila Lidden,
Abercorn Place,
London, N.W.8

(*Audrey did make a film with William Holden in Paris. It was made BEFORE* Charade *and is called* Paris When It Sizzles. *It will be shown later this year.*)

* * *

Rewarding

I am delighted that Bing Crosby is playing another dramatic screen role, this time in a film called *Choice Of Violence*. I know Bing is best loved

THE OTHER FACE OF KIRK DOUGLAS

They say that Kirk Douglas is the toughest and most hated character in Hollywood. He is supposed to be a ruthless business man, hard as nails and difficult to work with.

All this paints a pretty ugly picture of the famous star—but isn't this reputation exaggerated quite a bit?

I worked as an extra on Kirk's film, *Seven Days in May*, and everyone seemed to find him kind and a perfect gentleman. He is also a wonderful family man and was never happier than when his family was close at hand.

He may be tough and ruthless—but I'd say he has another face, even if he doesn't show it often.

Brian Parkin,
Vista,
California.

Kirk - he may have a reputation for being

Kirk's five-year-old son, Eric Anthony, is treated to a studio lunch.

Hide-and-seek? No—it's a scene from the new Hepburn-Holden film, *Paris When It Sizzles*.

in musicals and romantic comedies—but I still remember his shattering performance in *The Country Girl*, in which he played an alcoholic. That was a tremendously rewarding film and Bing narrowly missed winning the Oscar. In *Choice Of Violence* he may pull it off.

Clare Dickens,
Roslin Street,
Scotland.

You can't lose

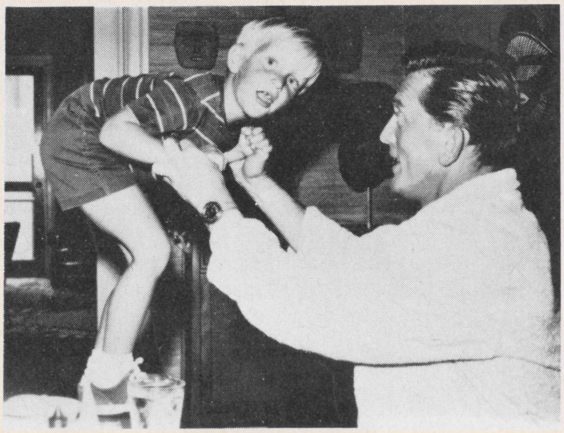
I think it tragic that Kenneth More can't get the backing to film the Resistance novel, *The White Rabbit*. More is always at his best in films with a war theme and *A Night To Remember* and *Reach For The Sky* still rank in my book as two of the most entertaining films ever made.

More may not be a top box office star in some films—but put him in a uniform and you can't lose. He needs £400,000 to make *The White Rabbit*. If I had that kind of money, I'd let him have it without hesitation.

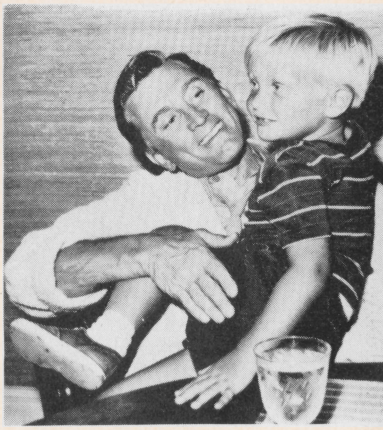
Martin Redwood,
Dean Street,
Padiham,
Lancs.

tough, and difficult to work with, but he's a wonderful family man and a perfect gentleman.

He obviously believes in enjoying himself—but dad doesn't seem to mind.



How's this for a physical fitness test? Young Eric doesn't do too badly.



The treat is over—dad has to return to the set.

FILM OF THE MONTH

....

THE CEREMONY

....

REVIEWED BY EDWARD GORING

Harvey makes his point

ASK almost any actor in films today what his secret ambition is and the answer—if he has not achieved it already—will be the same: "To have a go at producing and directing."

This all-round creative urge is so catching I am surprised that Laurence Harvey hasn't had a go before. After all, he is very ambitious and creative.

Now comes his first effort, in which he certainly makes up for lost time. *The Ceremony* is a Laurence Harvey Production for Laurence Harvey's own company, produced and directed by Laurence Harvey. Starring Laurence Harvey. With additional dialogue by Laurence Harvey.

(In fairness, the credits do mention a few other people as well).

I am happy to report that—what *was* his name?—oh yes, Laurence Harvey has produced a first-rate, highly compelling film which is not afraid of a provocative message conveyed in fairly stark terms.

The Ceremony is an exciting melodrama about a plot to snatch a man from the condemned cell on the eve of his execution. Its message is that capital punishment is barbaric and therefore a questionable prop for law and order in a civilised community.

It also conveys the implication that the State is wrong to take life because of the possibility that an innocent man may die through a miscarriage of justice. **This happens in the film.**

AUDACIOUS PLOT

A menacing film it is, too, set in Tangier's fortress-like prison, where Sean McKenna (Laurence Harvey) awaits execution, and in the shadows of the shuttered backstreets where his brother Dominic (Robert Walker) and his girl friend (Sarah Miles) plot their audacious rescue operation.

The plan depends on getting inside, disguised as the priest who is to administer the last rites.

PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE THAT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS WRONG, AND MOST OTHERS WHO TAKE THE TROUBLE TO THINK ABOUT IT, SHUDDER AT THE PARAPHERNALIA, THE POMP AND THE JUDICIAL PRECISION OF EXECUTION.

As you may guess from its title, *The Ceremony* uses this aspect as a strong visual argument.

In Tangier they employ a firing squad for the execution. The victim is strapped in an ornate chair, on a dais beneath a battery of floodlights. The bullets are handed out with the formality of a school prizegiving, and elaborate precautions are taken to preserve the condemned man in good health for his death.

Harvey uses the camera relentlessly, to hammer home the full horror of it all. The entire action takes place in the two hours up to the scheduled moment of execution, beginning with the macabre journey of a coffin through the streets to the prison.

Then comes a solemn tour of inspection and we see the effect which capital punishment has on the men who are sanctioned by society to kill.

There is the public prosecutor (Ross Martin), who gets a perverted pleasure from testing the death chair and relishes the inexorable workings of the law's machinery with the gratification of a gourmet at a feast.

"Every little move seems to be part of a ritual," and he strokes his neat moustache with a neatly gloved hand in delightful anticipation.

The fact that in this case the condemned man did not commit murder does not spoil the enjoyment for a man who cannot distinguish between law and justice. McKenna was the leader of a gang in a bank hold-up during which a guard was shot dead and, although he actually tried to prevent the shooting, he is technically guilty of murder.

AND DON'T IMAGINE THIS IS MERELY AN OLD CUSTOM IN TANGIER. IT CAN HAPPEN HERE, UNDER ENGLISH LAW.

Another glimpse of the character of the public prosecutor comes when he welcomes an execution not just as a deterrent but as proof that the law is above the individual, and a sign of "the full majesty of the State".

Then there is the humane warden (John Ireland). But as one of the cogs in the legal machine he cannot do much to help, beyond advocating such aesthetic improvements as the use of smaller, less mutilating bullets.

And there are the men in the firing squad, a dozen gendarmes chosen by lot. Contrasting with the hardened bunch of old hands is the sensitive recruit with a conscience (Murray Melvin). He knew when he joined up that his job might involve killing. What he did not realise was that he would be asked to aim at a man strapped to a chair.

So far these are typical reactions, now familiar on the screen. A new feature is the effect of impending execution on the condemned man. He seems to welcome the prospect of death, not in any empty suicidal sense but as a means of scoring a positive victory over his executioners. Harvey gives a magnificent performance in this role.

The rescue operation is exciting stuff, with tension mounting through rapid cutting and ingenious fragments of off-screen dialogue. There is a brilliant switch ending which I do not intend to give away here. An execution *does* take place—but it is more gruesome than anything the audience has been prepared for.

And the final victory, grim but triumphant, is over the system which makes such fatal errors of justice possible in the name of enlightened society.

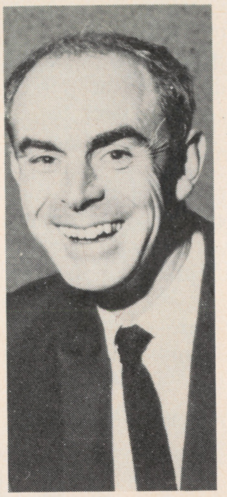
SEE THE CEREMONY. *IT MAKES YOU THINK.*

Laurence Harvey gives a magnificent performance as the condemned man.

There is a brilliant switch ending—and pretty gruesome it turns out to be.

THE VICTIM IS STRAPPED IN AN ORNATE CHAIR

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN



all the latest pop news

The gamble that paid off

HAS Heinz done the right thing? That was the question most people on the pop scene were asking a year ago. Blond bass guitarist Heinz Burt had left the "Telstar" Tornados to go it alone. Soon quite a few folk were saying he *hadn't* been wise. His first solo disc was a flop. So was his first solo stage appearance. Fans were restive during his act in the Jerry Lee Lewis package in May, 1963.

I remember talking to Heinz shortly after this had happened. He looked grimly determined.

Heinz: "Just give me time."

"*This is only the start*," he said quietly. "*I'm going to work like crazy to get my career going properly. There'll be a different story to tell one day. Just give me time.*"

Well, he has had time—and he has produced results. Big results. He has hit the charts with three discs in a row: "Just Like Eddie," "Country Boy" and "You Were There." He has developed a whammy all-action stage act that is the talk of the pop biz. Also, he has made his mark in films.

For his big-screen break he is indebted to Harold Shampan, boss of Filmusic.

Heinz recalls,"*One day my manager, Joe Meek, told me we had an important lunch date. I had no idea what was in the air. Anyway, I met Harold Shampan in this ritzy restaurant and was completely knocked out when he said there was a part for me in a film called* Farewell Performance. *Later he gave me another break in* Live It Up."

Two more films are in the offing for Heinz. One in Britain. One in Sweden. He also has a ten-week Summer Season in Rhyl ahead of him. He hopes to get to Rhyl by sailing his £2,000 yacht "Globetrotter" round the coast from his native Southampton!

So Heinz is pretty happy about his career. He is probably happiest of all about the fact that he made a return visit to Birmingham late last year—and this time knocked his audiences for a loop!

FLATMANSHIP . . . I HEAR THAT WHEN THE SEARCHERS TOOK POSSESSION OF THEIR LONDON FLAT, THREE OF THEM DASHED IN. FIRST CHRIS CURTIS. HE OPENED ONE DOOR, SAW IT LED INTO A COMFORTABLE ROOM WITH SINGLE BED AND GRABBED IT. CLOSE AFTER HIM: MIKE PENDER AND JOHN McNALLY. FIRST ROOM THEY TRIED WAS LIGHT, AIRY AND WITH TWO SINGLE BEDS. THAT WAS FOR THEM.

MUCH LATER TONY JACKSON AMBLED IN AND TOOK THE ONLY BEDROOM LEFT. IT TURNED OUT TO BE THE LARGEST, LUSHEST OF THE LOT—AND WITH A VAST DOUBLE BED.

"WHAT'S MORE," SAYS ONE-UP TONY, "IT HAS A PRIVATE DOOR LEADING INTO THE BATHROOM!"

CHRIS, MIKE AND JOHN ARE GOING TO LOVE THAT QUEUE ON A COLD MORNING.

Ambition which Susan Maughan should achieve: to write a hit song. She has written some good numbers already. For example: "Stop Your Fooling"—which she recorded herself—and "I'm A Lonely One, Too" (waxed by Rose Brennan). These were B sides. But they showed enough promise to suggest she will in time dream up a hit. Susie, incidentally, writes and reads music capably. She taught herself during her days as a band singer.

For my money Cilla Black is the most exciting girl singer to emerge for years. She has real impact and, although she is not an experienced entertainer, she can put a song over with real style.

Her recent hit, "Anyone Who Had A Heart" was a remarkably good record and I have a feeling it will become an evergreen. It certainly deserves a longer run of popularity than the average pop hit.

I have known for some time that Cliff Richard's big ambition is to play a serious acting role in a film. But I learned only a few months ago that he planned to put himself to the test quite soon. This was out in the Canary Islands—when I was talking to Cliff on one of the *Wonderful Life* locations.

I said, "I know you like to get one film finished before you talk about the next. So I suppose there is no point in asking what comes after *Wonderful Life*?"

But Cliff's one-at-a-time policy had clearly changed. He told me he would probably start another film this summer—and, although several songs might be worked into the plot, it would not be a musical.

The significance of this didn't need spelling out. The challenge was obvious. Is Cliff taking on too much? Can he switch from the gay to the dramatic? These are the questions that flashed into my mind then. They are *still* in my mind.

I asked Cliff frankly, "What do you think you are capable of in films?"

HE REPLIED WITH EQUAL CANDOUR, "I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW. HOW *CAN* I KNOW TILL I HAVE TRIED?" THEN HE ADDED, WITH TYPICAL MODESTY, "SO FAR I HAVE HAD PARTS THAT MORE OR LESS ANYONE COULD PLAY."

(Continued on page 30)

THE SEARCHERS

SUSAN MAUGHAN

CILLA BLACK

HAYLEY PLAYS

BY JOHN WEBSTER

TALKING to Hayley Mills about her part in the new Ross Hunter production, *The Chalk Garden*, reminded me of a girl I knew at school.

She was a pathetic little thing and some of the kids used to taunt her in that heartless, merciless way that gives morbid pleasure to some teenagers.

The girl had a habit of doing the most outrageous things to attract attention to herself. She would pretend to faint during class, fake serious injury in the school playground—and once she even stood on a window-ledge, after an argument with one of the teachers, and threatened to throw herself out.

Of course, we couldn't understand her antics. To us they were just a sickening form of exhibitionism and even the kindest of us, after a time, when she put on an act, remarked: "She's just a stupid show-off—what she wants is a good spanking!"

Terribly lonely

Well, perhaps that girl was, in a way, showing-off—and a good spanking might have proved the answer. But, as I talked to Hayley and thought back, I couldn't help feeling what a terrible shame it was that we couldn't have been a little more understanding and helpful.

It was true she was craving for attention. But there was more to it than that. She was craving for love. She was from a broken home. She was terribly lonely and the unhappiness she had known, that desperate feeling when you don't have anyone to turn to, was having its effect on her.

Similar problems

The girl Hayley plays in *The Chalk Garden*, like that girl, is a real problem child. I am not saying the unhappiness she has experienced is caused by exactly the same events that made the girl I knew so miserable. But they could have faced many similar problems, because they were both marked by life in the same way.

In *The Chalk Garden* Hayley portrays Laurel, a 16-year-old living with her grandmother (Edith Evans) after her

A HORROR

"No girl becomes a problem child for nothing"

In The Chalk Garden *Hayley portrays a girl who is the victim of a broken home. Now she is living with her grandmother and is convinced her mother has no love for her.*

parents have divorced and her mother has married again. Laurel is convinced she has been abandoned by her mother who, she is told, has no love for her.

Strangely unmoved

Now Laurel is living in an imaginary world. She claims she saw her father shoot himself and that she was assaulted when she was 12-years-old. But when Miss Madrigal (Deborah Kerr) arrives to take over as Laurel's governess and companion she seems strangely unmoved by the knowledge that several other applicants have fled within a few minutes of arriving at the imposing house. But she, too, has a bitterly unhappy past—a past she wants to keep secret.

"Laurel is a terribly lonely person," Hayley told me. "She'll do anything to attract attention. She is a real horror.

"The part is completely unlike anything I have done before," Hayley continued. "It is an adult part. When people mention adult parts they always think of romance and love scenes. But I don't think a role has to have that sort of thing to be adult. Laurel was a real challenge. It was completely unlike anything I had done before.

"To get her absolutely in key I drew on my own experiences from boarding school. There were girls there who came from broken or unhappy homes. I remembered things about them and it helped tremendously.

"Some of the girls tried too hard to be nice. They went out of their way to make a good impression. Others cut themselves off completely and refused to make friends. Some were bitter.

"In playing Laurel I tried to get to grips with the problems girls like her face," added Hayley. "No girl becomes a problem child for nothing. There is always a good reason. And the character I play in *The Chalk Garden* had her reasons, too."

Hayley with Deborah Kerr, who plays her governess-companion—a woman with a secret past.

ACE-HIGH-

Three incredible companions make a fantastically perilous journey across the vast Canadian wilderness.

WALT DISNEY presents

The Incredible Journey

TECHNICOLOR® (U)

Based on Sheila Burnford's world famous best seller

♠ A

AND

WALT DISNEY presents

Strauss! His wonderful music swept the world off its dancing feet!

The Waltz King

TECHNICOLOR® (U)

STARRING

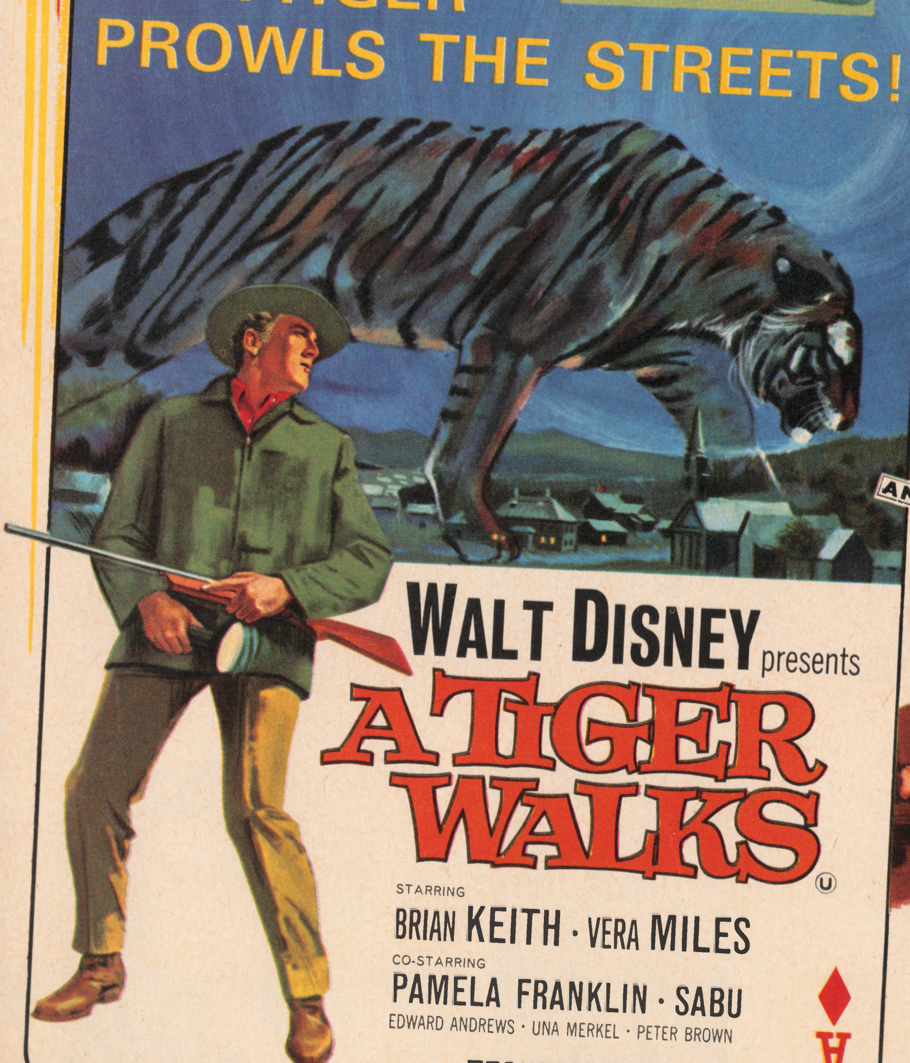
KERWIN MATHEWS | SENTA BERGER | BRIAN AHERNE

♥ A

ENTERTAINMENT FROM WALT DISNEY!

A daring girl matches fear with courage as...

A TIGER PROWLS THE STREETS!



WALT DISNEY presents

A TIGER WALKS

Ⓤ

STARRING

BRIAN KEITH · VERA MILES

CO-STARRING

PAMELA FRANKLIN · SABU

EDWARD ANDREWS · UNA MERKEL · PETER BROWN

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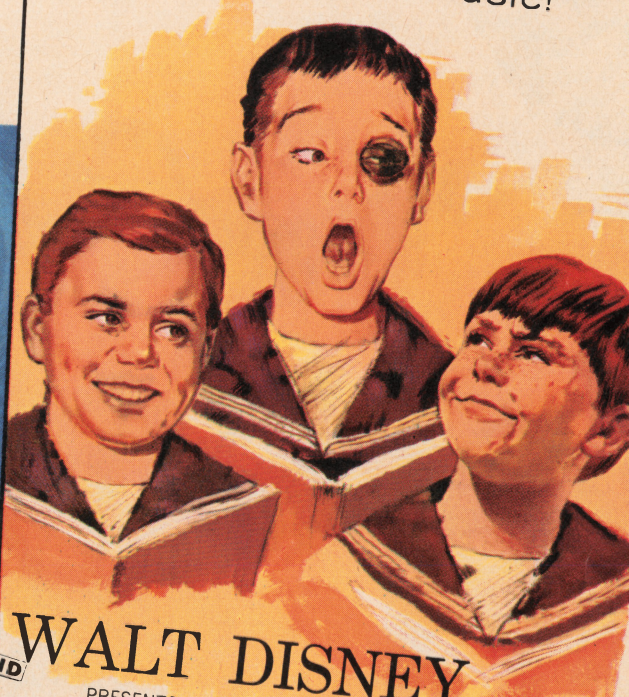
FUN for Everyone!

A Merry Mixture of Mischief and Music!



WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

BORN TO SING

Ⓤ

STARRING

PETER **WECK** · SEAN **SCULLY** · VINCENT **WINTER**

FEATURING

HANS **HOLT** · BRUNI **LOBEL** · FRITZ **ECKHARDT**

DENIS **GILMORE** · HENNIE **SCOTT** And **THE VIENNA BOYS CHOIR**

Screenplay by VERNON HARRIS

Based on a story by R. A. STEMMLE

Directed by STEVE PREVIN · TECHNICOLOR®

Tony Crawley talks to one of Britain's top pop stars and instrumentalists

"CALL me a musician," suggested Tony Meehan. Which is only half the story. Or even less. After six years on the beat scene (hard to believe he's still only 21) Meehan, one of Britain's true pop-prodigies, is much, much more besides.

Disc-star. Disc-star maker. Record producer. Song publisher. Composer. Arranger. Husband and father. And proud stiff of being Irish. All this is Daniel Joseph Anthony Meehan. Which is not bad going.

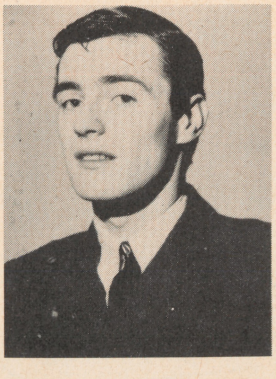
Music is the centre of his life. Music of every kind—from the classical concerts he often attends at the Royal Festival Hall, to the quaint charm of a Salonika student's home-made pipe which we heard being played in the middle of Soho after our lunch.

Unlike most of the chart-storming idols, Tony can read music. And he reads about it. Writes and arranges it. Lives it, in fact.

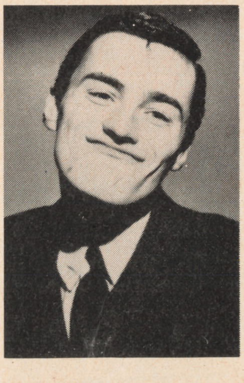
"They'll all read music eventually," he said. "People enter this business in a group or alone. If they really love it, they become more interested in it. They want to learn more—to read music, to explore. I never stop learning. You see I don't want to follow any trend—I want to set trends."

"I can't stand TV— it's not a satisfactory form of entertainment."

"My wife's very good at cooking—so I leave her in charge."



"Girls– I love 'em! But I can't stand too much make-up."



"I try to keep cool about everything— on stage and off."

MEET TONY MEEHAN

"We have no TV set in our house," says Tony. "But my family don't miss it."

Photographs by Philip Gotlop

He left the Shadows when "it all became too trite, too mechanical."

His successful partnership, with fellow ex-Shadow Jet Harris, broke down when Jet did.

So Meehan is trend-setting already with his own group—the Tony Meehan Combo.

"There are six of us, with our great lead guitarist, Joe Moretti, being my right-hand man. Yes, sure I'd like a bigger outfit. I'd love a band of 50 behind me. One day . . ."

As well as the Combo, Tony runs two businesses—without having to leave his house. He has an office (and a soundproof studio) at his Golders Green home, where he works for his Pegasus Record Company and his Kieron Music Publishing Company (named after his son). His other office, at Decca's HQ, is where he handles his record-producing work.

EXERCISE EVERY MORNING

"I try to keep cool about everything, on stage and off," he explained. "My wife is even cooler. I can get very excited at times. But I look after myself.

"I eat well. I'm very set in my eating habits—steaks, French salad, strawberries, pancakes, syrup, waffles—and garlic. I love garlic!

"I only smoke five cigarettes a day—yes, because of the health thing. Plus a pipe or two. And I exercise every morning. Yoga. Standing on my head. Everything. It's very good for the breathing, take my word for it. I also like to take a walk before work in the morning."

Born and brought up in Hampstead, Tony comes from a family (three brothers and a sister) as close as his own family is today.

Apart from music and "the hit-parade monopoly", Tony's other views are often strong and trenchant.

"We have no TV set in our house," he says, quite casually. "It's not a satisfactory form of entertainment—ruins conversation, reading, any proper home life. I'm a great reader but, thanks to TV, reading as an entertainment is long since dead.

"Honestly, I don't know who people are talking about when they mention TV personalities. Instead of TV my home is always full of conversation at all levels and on all topics. Often friends and visitors tell us they had never talked so much, put up so many views, until visiting the TV-less Meehans! It's nice to know.

"My son, Kieron sees some TV at his friends' homes. But he never complains about missing it at home. He's a remarkably intelligent lad—talks about anything. Thanks to the lack of TV, I'd say."

And these are his views on other subjects, between Meehan you:

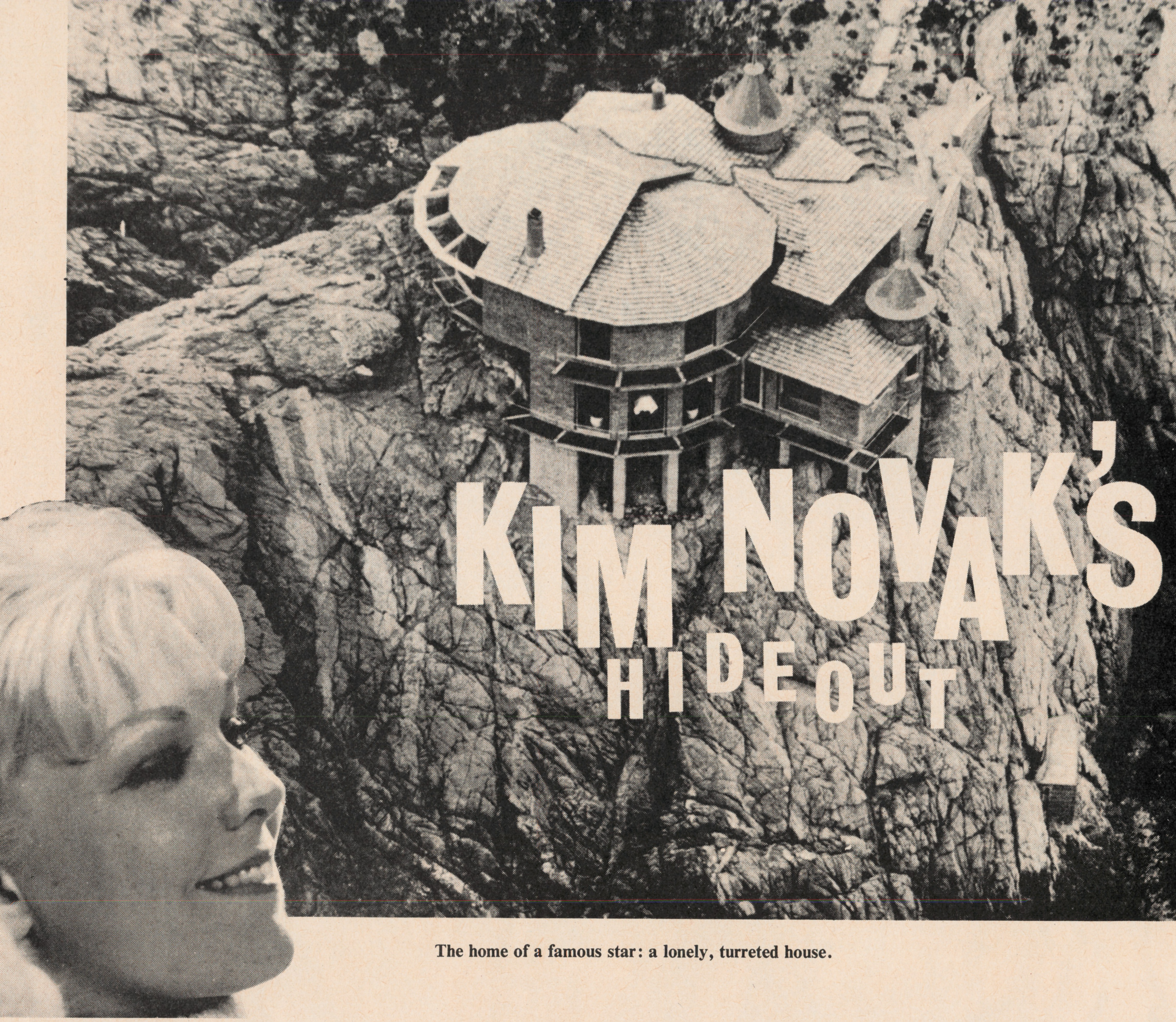
GIRLS: "Love 'em! I prefer those who are artistic with their clothes. Can't stand too much make-up. Particularly on the lips. I like to see the real girl, not a walking make-up set."

MALE FASHIONS: "We used to be the worst-dressed men in the world. Not that much better now. The Belgians and Australians are worst now—the Australians copy Americans and are generally a year behind them. The best? The French and the Scandinavians."

(Continued on page 30)

SHE used to be the child star of British pictures. Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. **Suddenly** even her friends didn't recognise her. The reason? She had grown up and won a part that was completely different from any she had played before; in the Val Guest production, *The Beauty Jungle*. You will see an amazing change in Janette Scott in this film. The little girl has grown up.

JANETTE SCOTT



KIM NOVAK'S HIDEOUT

The home of a famous star: a lonely, turreted house.

Up at Carmel, Western California, by the Pacific, on a rocky, windswept headland, where ships through the centuries have run aground and broken up in storms, with great loss of life, a famous star, Kim Novak, has chosen as her hideout a lonely turreted house called, not without reason, 'Gull's Nest'.

Carmel, a very insignificant spot on the map, has a population of little over 4,000—but somehow Kim manages to stay so aloof that many of the local people know of her by hearsay only. And this despite the fact that, since her return from Europe last August, Kim has spent most of her time at Carmel and has only taken the 300-mile journey to Hollywood when it has been absolutely necessary.

The trip over she hastens back to her hideout to join her secretary, her maid and her Great Dane, Warlock—her only regular companions at the fantastic 'Gull's Nest'.

And once behind the huge front door of the house, Kim is almost impossible to reach. It is even said there is no telephone in the retreat. The truth is, of course, there is a telephone there and, on one occasion recently, it came to good stead when Kim and a guest, Norma Kasell, were awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of a key being jammed into the entrance lock. Someone was trying to break in. Kim called the police immediately.

TWENTY DIFFERENT KEYS

"They must have used twenty different keys in the hope one would fit," Kim recalls with a shudder. "Luckily not one of them did."

As the intruder continued to work on the lock the two terrified women turned on the outside lights.

"We were hoping that they had thought no one was at home," explains Kim. "It worked—because they fled before the police arrived."

How did Kim discover Carmel?

"We were on location up in Carmel shooting *Notorious Landlady*," she told me, "and the film called for the use of a lavish mansion, to serve as a rest home. We were allowed to use the old mansion, a tremendous house by the sea which was just wonderful for the picture. I got acquainted with the owner, a charming old-world lady and she took a liking to me. My stay there proved an eye-opener. For a change I was breathing fresh air. At Carmel I found artists, writers, musicians, poets and philosphers. Very intellectual, but in a nice way.

"And so, one day, I spotted this house sitting on a cliff jutting out into the ocean, with the waves beating against the rocky shore on three sides of the house. Its yellowed sand stone had somehow blended into the brown cliff on which the house sat. Norma Kasell, my business manager, was with me at the time. There was a

"I have been happier here than anywhere," says Kim. "I don't need people around me."

'For Sale' sign. I said, '*Norma, I'm going to buy it.*' And Norma said, '*Don't rush into it, I'll investigate.*'

"Norma is such a methodical person. She had a geological survey made to make sure that the house wouldn't, one stormy night, crash into the ocean. She found out, in fact, that four years ago, during a heavy storm, waves did crash into the house, flooding the living room and almost carrying the people who were there out to sea. A man lived there with his wife, having built it seven years earlier, as a sort of fantasy house. He put a turret on it, for instance, and inside this turret is a shower. He took his showers there. So do I now.

A DEAR FRIEND

"On the night of the storm his wife vowed that if she survived, she'd never set foot in the house again. She kept her promise. That's how the house became vacant. This was not very encouraging news, but Norma based her judgment on surveys by people who know the ocean best. Also, the price was not exorbitant: £30,000. But then mother came over from Chicago, on one of her frequent visits, and she begged Norma to tell me the house had been found unsafe.

"The truth of the matter is, mother didn't want me to make this wilderness my home. But I saw through their plot and so, one day, the house became mine. This is how it happened. And today, the lady in the mansion we used for the film, about two hundred yards up the coast, is not just a neighbour but a very dear friend . . .

"I won't let anyone in," Kim added with an apologetic sigh, to explain our meeting at the Rocky Point oceanside restaurant. "Oh," she continued "my guitar teacher, Mr. Shackman is admitted to the house. I do give occasional parties. And my secretary, Barbara, is with me a lot . . . and, my dog, Warlock. But I do live all alone, because sooner or later all these people leave. I have a maid who comes every morning to take care of the house, but she leaves at night."

The fact that Kim lives alone gives Norma Kasell the shivers.

"She's been begging that I have at least a maid in the house," Kim told me. "Preferably a woman wrestler and judo expert. A female bodyguard. I've said no. I really like to be alone. It may sound strange, but it's true. I just don't want anybody there."

To help discourage potential burglars or prowlers, Norma lets it be known that a couple of domestics sleep in quarters in the lodgings Kim recently had built above the garage to serve as a studio; that the house is equipped with an electronic burglar alarm connected by direct wire to the Carmel police station five miles up the coast; and that the occupants of the beach house are well armed.

BREATHTAKING VIEW

"The truth of the matter," Kim benevolently smiles, "is that I am all alone, if you don't count Warlock, that I have neither burglar alarm nor gun, and that so far, with the exception of that night Norma happened to stay with me, nobody has ever tried to break in. I'm foolish I know—but I love my house, and I want it all to myself, especially at night!"

"It's much too small a place anyway," she added. "A typical Pacific beach style. There's the large living room, with a breathtaking view of the ocean on three sides, with a grey slate floor, a moss green stone fireplace and an orange coloured writing table to contrast the view outside. This room opens to the kitchen. Behind it is the maid's room.

"This is the ground floor—then there's a lower floor you reach by a staircase and it contains the master bedroom and dressing room. The bedroom is all shades of rose, from pale lavender to shocking pink. And that's all. My companions there are the ocean and Warlock—and the sea gulls, which I love."

What does Kim do on an average day in 'Gull House'? It's correspondence in the morning. Kim does most of her typing herself.

"I love to type," she said, "But then I'm a frustrated writer."

She usually stays home for lunch: "I love to cook, really."

All the groceries are delivered to the house from Carmel, a mere six miles away. Later, with her secretary, she drives into town, as often as not, in her white Jaguar.

"Do the local people stare?" I asked her.

"They don't. They pay very little attention. They know I live there and with this I have ceased to be an attraction. It's both good and bad for an actress. Good because you're left in peace, bad because you begin to doubt your popularity."

EXCELLENT FOOD

Later in the day they may meet some friends, or she'll return home to paint.

Her evenings?

"Anywhere from Fisherman's Wharf to a place called 'The Warehouse', where they serve excellent sea food."

Certainly Kim has no intention of giving up her fantastic hideout.

"I have been happier here than anywhere," she told me. "I don't need to have a lot of people around me. I paint a lot, listen to records and read new scripts. It's not the lonely life it sounds, believe me. In fact I know I could be lonelier in a large city on a Bank Holiday. At 'Gull's Nest' I have the kind of life I enjoy."

... on the top of the cliff there stands a house, so close to the edge, it looks as if it could get washed away.

BEATLEMANIA -is there a cure for it?

The Beatles are fast becoming a legend.

John Webster answers the question on everyone's lips

I THINK I have got it: Beatlemania. But I'm not absolutely sure, so perhaps you Beatle fans can straighten me out.

Let me tell you the symptoms that first made me think I was weakening. To begin with I discovered, at a couple of parties, that I couldn't sit down when a Beatle disc was being played. I had to dance.

Then a friend asked me what I would like for my birthday and I said: "A Beatle LP." He was astonished.

"Are you sure it's the Beatles and not Beethoven you really want?" he enquired.

I could understand his amazement, for I have always been thought a terrible square. I assured him, however, it *was* a Beatle disc I wanted. It was to be the first of a rapidly growing selection. Now I always listen out for their new records.

Yes, I have to admit it—I *have* got Beatlemania. It's taken a long time to catch up with me, but it has at last. Now I'm wondering: *Is there a cure*? My friends assure me there isn't.

"But why do you want to be cured?" they demand. "So you've got Beatlemania—but so have millions of other people."

It's true. Today you can consider yourself an odd ball if you don't catch the Beatle bug. Not only in this country, but all over the world the Beat-alls—Ringo, Paul, John and George—have emerged on top of the popularity charts. Not even Elvis Presley—in his hey-day—could have stolen their glory.

In fact, so much publicity do they get that it would take an army of secretaries to keep up with all that is written about them.

The big question, which everyone is asking, is: "*How long can the Beatles stay at the top*?"

It's true to say that they have already lasted longer than many pop stars. In so many cases, in the music business, a singer or a group record a disc which rockets them to the top of the hit parade—and their popularity lasts just as long as the record stays there. Often, when their next disc comes out, it doesn't do nearly as well and before they know where they are they are forgotten. That's the way it works in the pop world.

But speak to anyone in showbusiness and they will support my view—that the Beatles are fast becoming a legend.

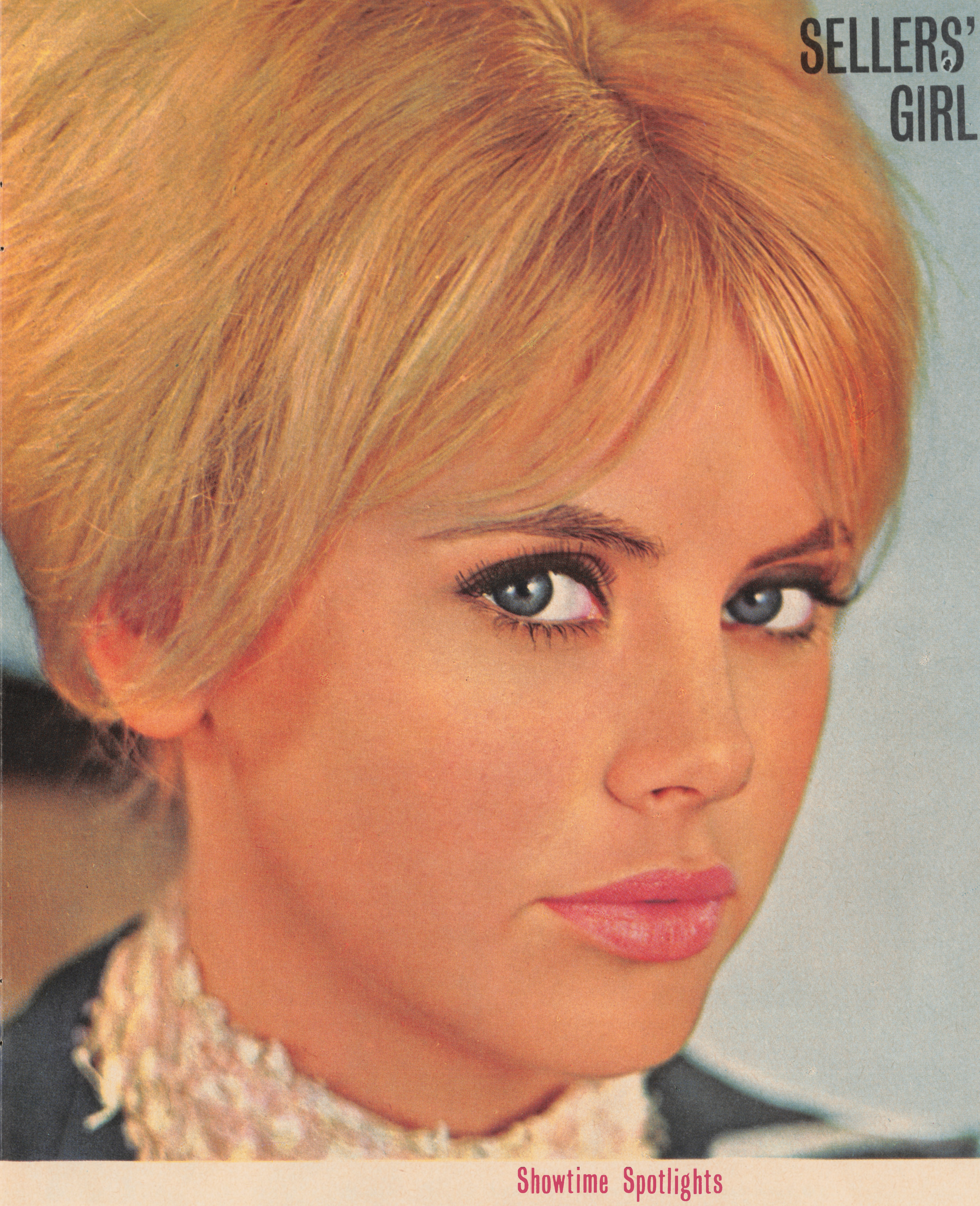
"How they have done this is quite simple," says one pop expert. "They have given the public something they have not had before. Even if you could find a group as good, musically, as the Beatles you could not find a bunch of boys with such a tremendous sense of humour. It is this great sense of fun that has made them popular with older people, as well as the kids, and that is most important.

(Continued on page 30)

THE BEATLES
THE BEATLES!

At last—Beatlemania has caught up with me!

SELLERS' GIRL



Showtime Spotlights

BRITT EKLAND – the girl

who stunned **PETER SELLERS**

Continued overleaf

SELLERS' GIRL Continued

Peter Sellers called her the most exciting girl he'd ever met —and then he married her. We envy Mr. Sellers because we also think Britt Ekland is a girl in a million. Not only is she a stunning Swedish beauty but she is an actress of great talent. She is considered the most exciting newcomer to emerge for years. We asked Britt if our photographer could take some special pictures —she was delighted with the idea. While she posed she talked. And some of her comments make apt captions for the pictures . . .

● *"I don't think I have a sexy face. It is more sad than sexy. Most of all it is a sulky face—the face of someone who can't get their own way. I hope it's an intelligent face, too, because I would like to be thought intelligent. I am full of curiosity about many things and I want to learn as much as I can. But to learn for the sake of learning is as silly as to eat for the sake of eating. You must have a reason."*

● *"I know immediately when I am in love. There is no need for me to wait or think. It's there, inside me. I didn't think I would marry, though. I didn't want to marry until I was 30—but, you see, a man has changed all that. I never thought it was easy to be in love—it is not enough to love people. You have to love them as they want to be loved."*

● *"I want to be thought a charming person and I want to be thought beautiful and funny—but most important is that people think I am kind."*

● *"I believe any pretty girl can be a star with the right amount of luck. It's not difficult to be a star—it can happen quickly. But being an actress is far more difficult. If you haven't got it in you no one can help—it can't be put there."*

● *"Usually I don't make much noise. But sometimes I suddenly feel I want to stand up in a room and shout out at the top of my voice. It's usually when suddenly I realise how happy I am feeling—I want to tell everyone and find out if they're happy, too."*

● *"Jeanne Moreau is my favourite actress. She is sexy in a serious sort of way. I like Brigitte Bardot, too—but I don't think she's an actress. In her films she's just B.B. and not the girl she's playing. I can understand why men fall in love with her, though—she's got something, hasn't she? Sophia Loren? She is so different from me. She has a woman's sex appeal, not a girl's".*

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The man who makes millions— but enjoys a good cry!

I'M ONE OF THOSE OPTIMISTS —THERE'S ALWAYS A RAINBOW!

DISNEY

WHAT is the secret of Walt Disney's fantastic success? Many people have answered that question in many ways. And it could be they are all right in what they say. But I think Disney—or Uncle Walt, as many people call him—came close to answering the question himself the other day.

He said: "*I am not a literary person. As far as realism is concerned, you can find dirt any place you look for it. I'm one of these optimists. There's always a rainbow. The great masses like happy endings. If you can pull a tear out of them they'll remember your picture. Some directors in Hollywood are embarrassed by sentimentality. As for me—I like a good cry.*"

And it's true—Disney has been moved to tears by his productions.

Not long ago he went to see his film, *Pollyanna*—and he took his daughter, Diane, with him. Towards the end he noticed she was crying.

"*Don't get upset,*" he said, "*it's only a film.*"

"*If I want to cry, let me,*" replied Diane. "*I've seen you do it often enough, haven't I?*"

The great strength of Disney's films is they tell a good story in a natural way. Whether humans or animals are the heroes they behave as you would expect and want them to in the situations they face.

Disney's great talent for story telling has paid handsomely. Ever since Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Snow White and Bambi he has gone from strength to strength. In 1962 he grossed 25 million pounds—yet when the partnership with his brother, Roy, set off 40 years ago all they had was £85 and a £170 loan from an uncle! Now Disney is one of the richest men in pictures.

Four of his recent productions worthy of your attention are *The Incredible Journey*, *The Waltz King*, *A Tiger Walks* and *Born To Sing*.

The Incredible Journey tells the story of how three domestic animals, a Bull-terrier, a Labrador and a Siamese cat, pit their wits against the tough, wild life of Canada in their 200-mile journey home. It is a moving and remarkable film.

A TIGER BREAKS OUT

A Tiger Walks could also be called an animal film—but it is completely different from *The Incredible Journey*. It tells what happens when a circus truck breaks down in the small town of Scotia and a giant tiger manages to break out. But instead of attacking the frightened tiger turns and escapes into a heavily wooded area beyond the town. Although a large party is sent to kill the animal one girl (Pamela Franklin) pleads that it might be saved. Does she succeed? You can probably guess the answer—but the film holds your interest to the end.

The Waltz King tells the early life story of Johann Strauss, Jnr. Rising star Kerwin Mathews plays Strauss and lovely Senta Berger is his wife. Johann's success as a composer was fantastic, despite the fact his father wanted him to be a lawyer, and the film tells the story beautifully. Lovers of his music will find it particularly rewarding.

Born To Sing puts the spotlight on the famous Vienna Boys' Choir. A young boy, Toni, is filled with admiration for the boys who travel the world with their songs and, at the next audition, he and a friend are chosen to fill two vacancies in the Choir.

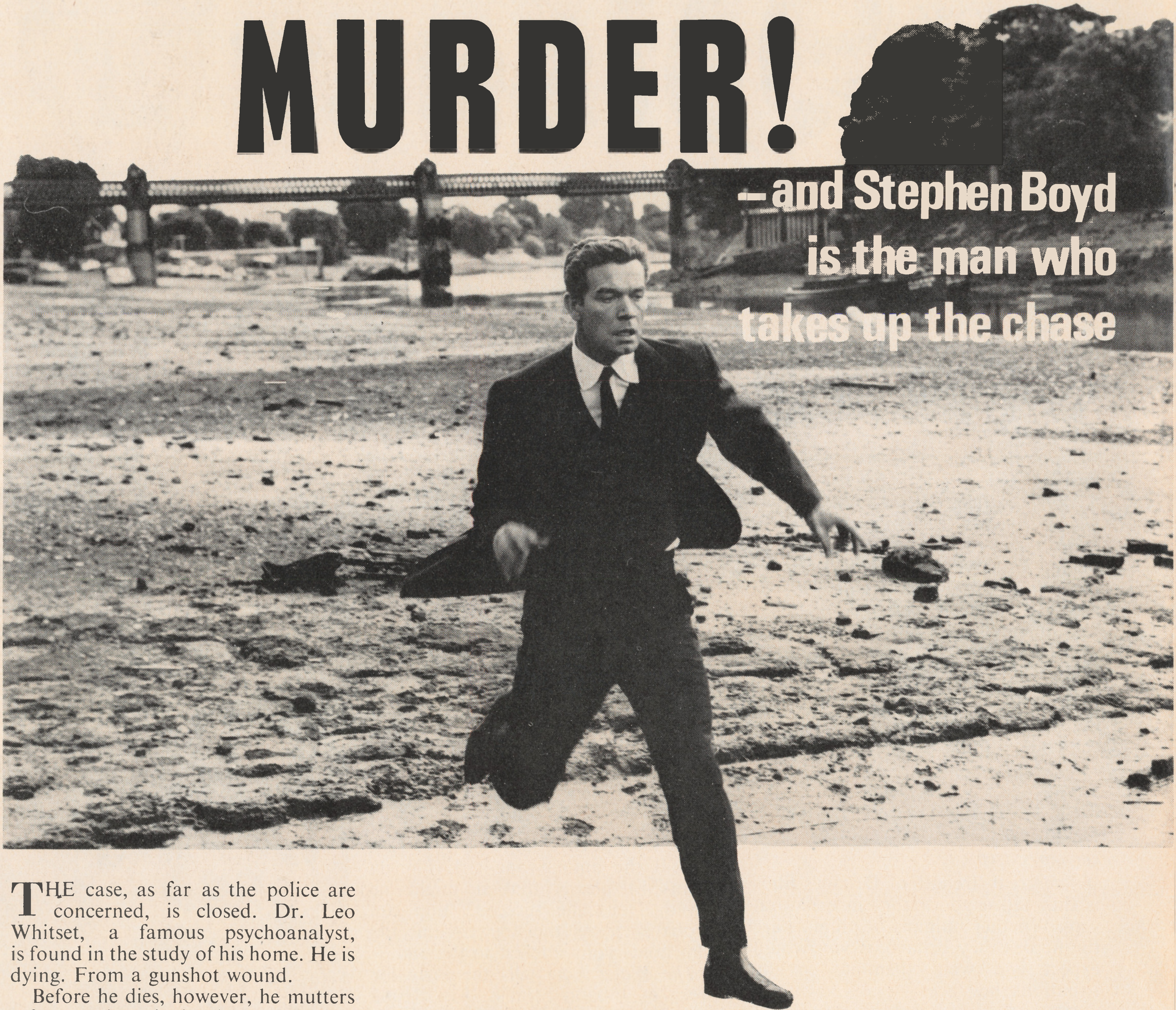
Trouble comes his way when another member of the choir becomes jealous of his success and plans to make him miss an important concert.

The great thing about all these Disney productions is that they provide ideal entertainment for the whole family. Anyone can enjoy these films—and that, of course, is the secret of Disney's success.

Terror: a tiger walks the streets of the town—and comes face to face with Pamela Franklin.

THE SHOWTIME PREVIEW PAGE TAKES A LOOK

MURDER!



—and Stephen Boyd is the man who takes up the chase

THE case, as far as the police are concerned, is closed. Dr. Leo Whitset, a famous psychoanalyst, is found in the study of his home. He is dying. From a gunshot wound.

Before he dies, however, he mutters a few words and what he says, in conjunction with other evidence, convinces the police that Whitset has committed suicide.

But in the new Stephen Boyd film, *The Third Secret*, it's not as simple as that. Did Whitset really kill himself—or is it a case of murder? That is the big question and it is Boyd, as Alex Stedman, who sets out to solve the mystery.

Whitset, he discovers, had very few patients in his private practice. The pyschoanalyst had spent much of his time on research work. He was director of the Analytic Institute.

Stedman, an American living in England, was one of the few patients. Since coming to England he has become a distinguished television commentator. Seven years earlier he lost his wife and daughter in an accident and this tragic event has affected Stedman as it would many men. It has made him unwilling to get emotionally involved again; to refuse any personal attachments, any commitments that might once again bring him unhappiness on the scale he has experienced.

A new road

It was, in fact, the loneliness that followed that brought him in contact with Whitset. And Whitset, in a short time, had helped him tremendously. He was setting him on a new road and Stedman looked upon his 'suicide' as a crushing and unforgivable betrayal. If the doctor, who seemed in love with life, could end his own life, then Stedman felt hope for himself was impossible.

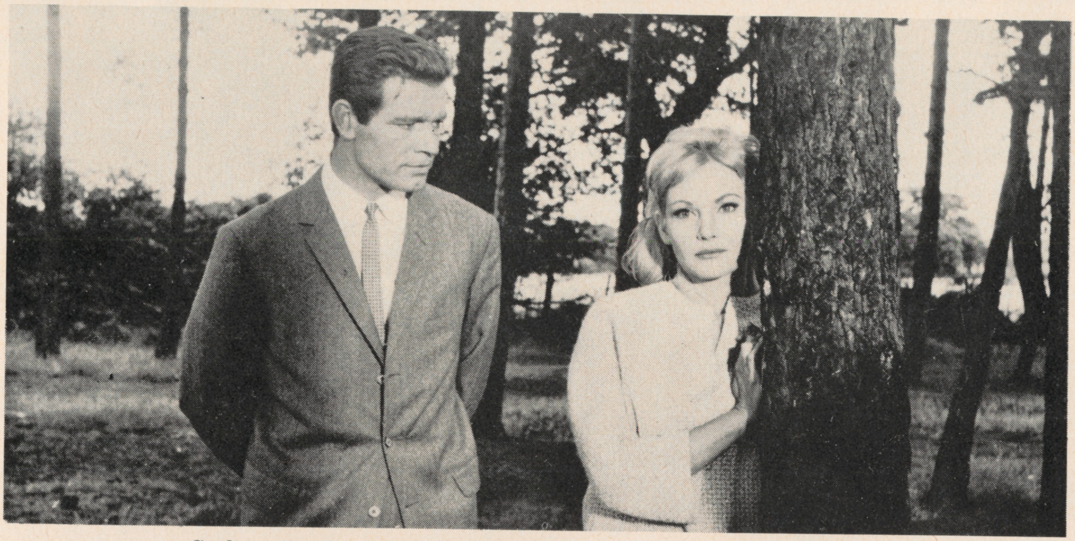
It is at this point that Stedman comes face to face with a 14-year-old girl—Catherine Whitset, the psychoanalyst's daughter.

And it is she who first sparks off the idea in Stedman's mind that Whitset did not kill himself and that he was murdered. The girl is convinced that her father did not take his life and she asks Stedman to help her find the person who killed him.

Stedman, at first, is reluctant to get involved. But the more he thinks about the man's sudden death the more difficult he finds it to turn his back on the case. With the girl pleading for help he finally agrees to investigate—and the chase is on.

The first thing Stedman discovers is that Whitset had five other patients—

AT A THRILLER WITH A DIFFERENCE . . .



Stedman (Stephen Boyd) meets one of Whitset's patients (Diane Cilento). He hopes she can help him discover the reason for the man's death.

During his investigations . . . a moment of drama. And director Charles Crichton catches it with his camera.

including himself. They included a judge, an owner of an art gallery and an attractive young woman.

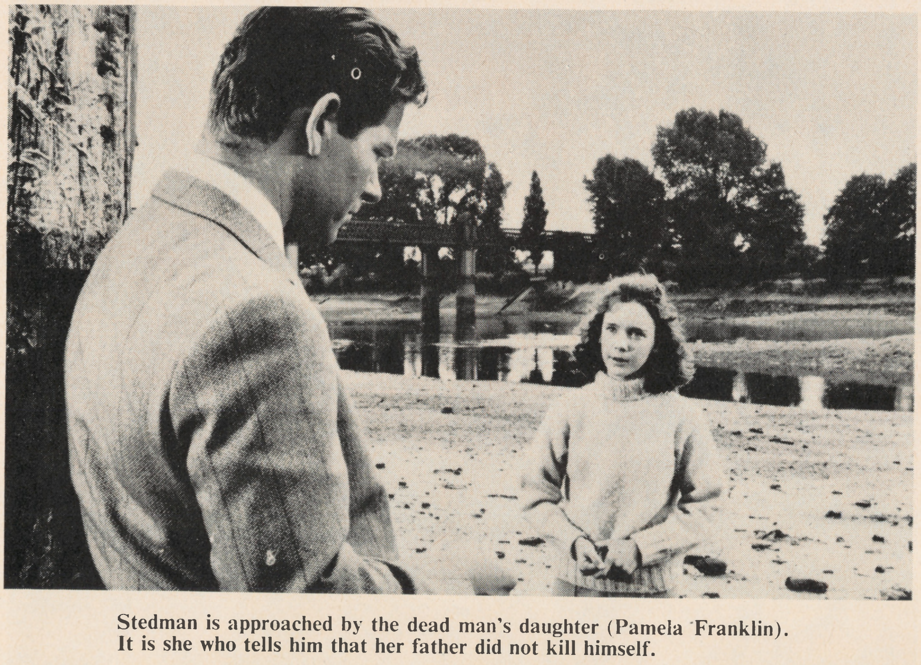
Using all his experience as a probing journalist he delves into the mystery and tries to solve the answer to the question "what is the third secret?"

The right ingredients

Boyd—with co-stars Jack Hawkins, Richard Attenborough, Patricia Neal and Diane Cilento—act this unusual thriller with enthusiasm and style. Pamela Franklin, as the daughter, gives an intelligent and appealing performance.

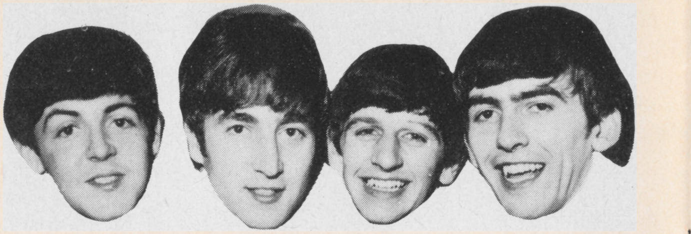
For my money, there's nothing to beat a good thriller and *The Third Secret*, which is directed by Charles Crichton, has all the right ingredients.

Boyd appears in every scene in the film and it's to his credit that you never tire of seeing him.



Stedman is approached by the dead man's daughter (Pamela Franklin). It is she who tells him that her father did not kill himself.

• If you could date six personalities - and there was no-one who couldn't be on your list - who would you choose? SHOWTIME put this question to Tracy Reed the only girl in the cast of that sensational film, **Dr. Strangelove: Or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb.** *Here are the men she selected. Would any of them be on your list?*



The Beatles

THE SIX MEN I WOULD

Tracy with George C. Scott in Dr. Strangelove.

INGMAR BERGMAN: I have never even seen a photograph of him. But undoubtedly, this world-famous Swedish film director tops my list. And I wouldn't merely be chasing after a role in one of his pictures—just a stimulating evening's conversation.

He makes such strange and wonderful films, so obsessed with religion and death. Therefore I'd want to probe deeply into his mental make-up, and search out the motive behind his sombre films.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I doubt if I'd ask him anything! I would just sit down and listen. He has lived such an action-packed life, I'm sure he would have much to say.

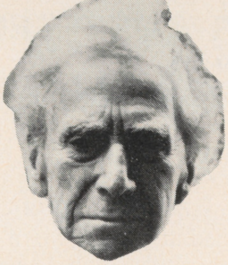
The subject I'd want him to talk about most would be the war. I was only young at the time, of course, so there is much I'd like to know. I realise he has written about the war (probably more fully than any other man alive); but I'd like to find out his feelings when he was Prime Minister.

Here was a man who virtually had the responsibility of the world in his hands. How did he feel, being in such a position? That's the only question I'd ask . . . that I'd dare ask.

EARL RUSSELL: More stimulating conversation. (I love people who present food for thought and who make me laugh—we'll get to the funny people later).

Naturally, there is one important subject I could bring up with Earl Russell—the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. I want to find out if he thinks the ban-the-bomb movement is really organised in the correct way.

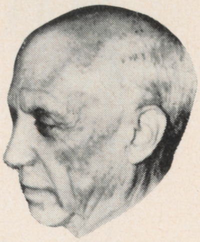
Winston Churchill



Earl Russell

Ingmar Bergman

Allan Sherman



Picasso

LIKE TO DATE

by TRACY REED

As well as hearing his views, I'd like to have Vanessa Redgrave along, so she could join in. But then it would not be a proper date would it? Tell you what—I'll see Vanessa the next day!

PABLO PICASSO: Churchill could talk to me about art—but I'd have to question Picasso about his! As ageless as ever, Picasso is a man I would need to question more than most.

If it could be done, I'd like to get all his paintings, lay them out in one huge line, and get him to explain exactly what they're all about. And perhaps, more important, what kind of mood he was in when he painted them.

No, I can't understand this type of art at all. I might look at one painting and say, 'Ah, there's a melon on the bald head of a 60-year-old man upside down—when in fact Picasso might say, 'It's a football on top of an egg.'

ALLAN SHERMAN: Now I'd want some fun—some light relief from the troubles of the world. Here's a man who really makes me laugh. I love the comedy LP's by Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl and people like that. Now along comes Sherman with a new idea in disc-comedy.

He sends up people—and that I love! Talk? Well, no doubt, we'd say a few words. But really I'd just want him to sing all the time. You know . . . "Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah" . . . and all the others.

THE BEATLES: Did you think I'd leave THEM out? Never! Everyone else seems to have met them. But not me. Not yet. I must admit it wasn't until I saw them on the Royal Command Performance TV show that I fell for them. They were having so much fun.

From all I have read about them—particularly the accounts of their riotous press conferences—the Beatles have a superb sense of humour. I don't question it—just want to hear it in action.

I have no favourite Beatle. They all seem great boys. So I would need to date them together—on just a normal day. Watch them at a press conference, then recording a disc.

That I think, would be quite a date!

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Churchill: I doubt if I'd ask him anything!

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MEET TONY MEEHAN

(Continued from page 15)

ENTERTAINMENT: "I love classical concerts at the Festival Hall. Very keen on the theatre, too. Wrote a Royal Court play score last year."

YOUNG LOVE: "Divorce is tragic at any age. But young marriage has nothing to do with it. Mistakes can be made at all ages. I was married at 17 and we're very happy, so I can stand up as an authority. Some 18-year-olds can make a mistake—so can the 40-year-olds."

COOKING: "My wife's very good, so I leave her in charge. I help though. Especially when it comes to adding alcohol to anything. I like to be on hand for that!"

In his work Tony Meehan always tries to be better than anyone else. Since he first entered the pop-scene, after meeting the original Shadows in a Soho coffee-shop, he has gone from strength to strength.

He had started earlier with a small dance band in the Paddington area.

"I had a £40 drum kit, and I earned 30s. a night—but I only played at week-ends because I was still at school!"

Later he was one of the Worried Men, Adam Faith's former group; he was among Vince Taylor's Playboys; and one of the Vipers. Then in 1959 he became a Shadow. Today he's riding high and his drum-kit is worth £300—a long way from the £5 second-hand Salvation Army set his mother bought him eleven years ago.

"It was a horrible mess," Tony told me. "The bass drum had a skin missing. The snare looked like an antique and had holes in both sides. But I have never been more thrilled by anything in my life. *This was it*, I thought. *This will take me to the top*."

And it did!

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

(Continued from page 8)

I made no comment on this last statement. But I reminded Cliff he had once told me his ultimate screen ambition was to play Brando-type roles.

"Sure I did," he laughed. "That still goes. I also told you I'd be happy if I could play such parts a tenth as well as Brando. That still goes, too!

"I also wish I could play light comedy with a fraction of the charm Cary Grant has. Another ambition is to play Heathcliff in a remake of *Wuthering Heights*. But my face is so young, it will be years before I can get near any of these ambitions—and I don't want to wait years. I am eager *now* to try new things in my screen career."

Well, full details of a serious role for Cliff may be announced soon. Or we may find the project is delayed till later in the year. However, I hope he doesn't take on more than he can cope with. I say this for the sake of Cliff, his many fans and the box-offices of many cinemas. But—if it came to betting—my money would be on Cliff every time.

Why? The matter was summed up for me in a setting rather different from a sand-dune location in the Gran Canaria: namely the bandroom at the Tottenham Royal. I was sitting there with Dave Clark. He was taking a breather from playing to massed dancers. On the screen of the portable TV was Cliff in a live show.

At intervals there came admiring comments from other members of the Five—seated nearby.

Then Dave said, "Only one word sums up Cliff. He's a complete *professional*."

Agreed. It is hard to put into words how zealous and disciplined Cliff has always been about his career. He gives all he's got to it. He takes everything in. He never tires of learning. And—keen though he may be to take on more formidable parts—I am sure he has the basic good sense to know just how much he can bite off.

IF HE SUCCEEDS, I AM SURE HIS MODESTY WILL NOT SUFFER. IT IS A QUALITY OF HIS OFTEN MENTIONED IN PRINT. IF YOU THINK WE EXAGGERATE, HERE IS A TRUE STORY . . .

When Cliff was told Susan Hampshire was to be his leading lady in *Wonderful Life* someone asked whether he had ever met her.

"Yes," said Cliff. "We were both in the film *Expresso Bongo*." Then he added simply, "But that was years ago and I don't expect she would remember me."

BEATLEMANIA

(Continued from page 20)

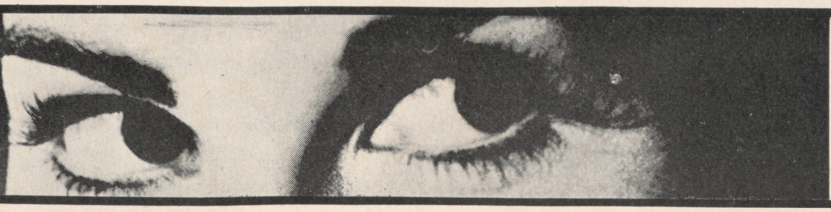
When you get the Mums and Dads buying their records and watching them on TV you're really on to something. Personally, I think the Beatles are almost as popular with adults as they are with teenagers."

Another important point is the fact that the Beatles have kept as a team. Some of the fans may have their favourites among the boys—Ringo, Paul, John or George—but it is the group they want to see and hear, not an individual.

One thing the Beatles must do to stay at the top is to maintain the high quality of their records. Fortunately they seem to know exactly what their fans want to hear. It is dangerous to say they can do no wrong—but, to date, it certainly looks that way.

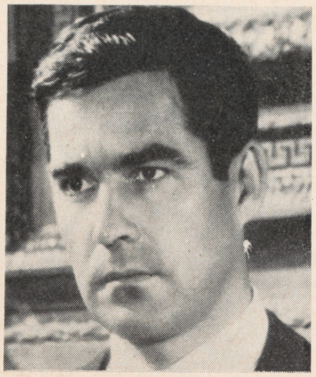
If they are wise they will try new things—not only on stage and on record but in their films as well. They will have to make sure that they make a fresh impact on the public from time to time. This will not be easy, but these boys, despite their gay, light-hearted attitude, are shrewd and sensible operators. They will make sure their fans do not find a cure for Beatlemania. Not for a long, long time anyway.

book end.



Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

WHAT IS THE TRAGIC SECRET THIS MAN IS KEEPING FROM THIS WOMAN?



The party is in full swing at the magnificent home of the wealthy American playgirl, Laura Pember, so she has no fear of being missed as she slips away to make a trip to London Airport where she is to meet her younger sister, Ellen.

It is on her way to the airport that it happens: Laura, driving her car, is suddenly overcome by a sudden attack of giddyness and almost causes a terrible accident.

However, she manages to stop and, after a short rest, she continues on her way to the airport.

Laura meets her sister but, returning to the party, she is forced to leave her guests once again. Alone in her room she collapses with an attack of fierce pain in her head and eyes.

She has had the pains before—but refused to see a doctor.

Downstairs one of the guests, John Carmody, a leading London physician, takes an interest in Laura's illness and decides to see what he can do to help her regain her health.

Later he manages to get her alone in the library where he performs a series of simple tests. It is all done as a joke—at least, that's how Laura takes it. But to the physician her reactions spell out the terrible truth.

This is the powerful beginning of a new picture, *Stolen Hours*, which stars Susan Hayward, as Laura, and Michael Craig, as Carmody, the physician.

Until she met Carmody the beautiful Laura's life had been empty. She had been married twice before and each time the marriage had ended in the divorce court.

Now, with Carmody, she feels she can find complete happiness. And as they get to know each other he, too, realises that he is falling in love with her.

Stolen Hours, a dramatic and beautiful film, tells their love story. And even when Laura discovers the truth about herself—the tragic secret that has been kept from her—the new life she has found is not completely shattered.

FILM GUIDE

Charade: Comedy thriller set in Paris with delicious Audrey Hepburn, ageless Cary Grant and a plot Hitchcock would be proud to direct. But whose side *is* Cary on?

Kings Of The Sun: Full-blown epic of the life and tribulations of the early Mexicans. Surprise role for Shirley Ann Field as the native girl torn between Yul Brynner and George Chakiris.

McLintock!: A no-punches-pulled Western with big John Wayne setting the pace. Maureen O'Hara is his spirited wife. Stefanie Powers proves she is one of the most promising actresses to emerge for a long time. Good family entertainment.

Move Over, Darling: Talk about domestic problems! The film is a riot for Doris Day, who is married to James Garner, who is married to Polly Bergen, who is . . . muddled!

The Long Ships: It's the Vikings against the Moors in this lusty epic. The prize is a bell of solid gold. Exciting and bloody. Richard Widmark gives his part a touch of comedy.

Under The Yum-Yum Tree: Laughs galore when Jack Lemmon plays landlord to a bevy of beauties like Carol Lynley and Edie Adams. Quite a wolf is Mr. Lemmon in this picture—but Miss Lynley proves he can't always get his own way.

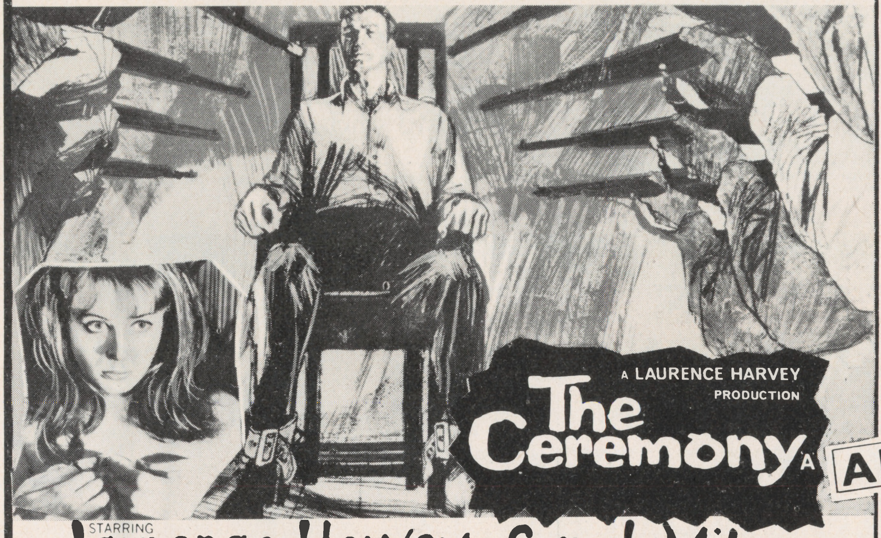
FUN AND GAMES WITH THOMASINA

McGoohan: he plays a veterinary surgeon

In Disney's The Three Lives Of Thomasina *Patrick McGoohan plays a veterinary surgeon, Andrew MacDhui, a widower who lives with his young daughter, Mary, and her cat, Thomasina. The fun and games start when the cat is badly injured and she has to be destroyed.*

At this point, however, the mysterious Lori McGregor (Susan Hampshire) comes on the scene. She investigates and finds the cat is still alive. She takes it home and soon it is well again.

THIS IS
THE CEREMONY!



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- **ADAM FAITH** prepares a dinner party with a difference—and we photograph him while he's doing it
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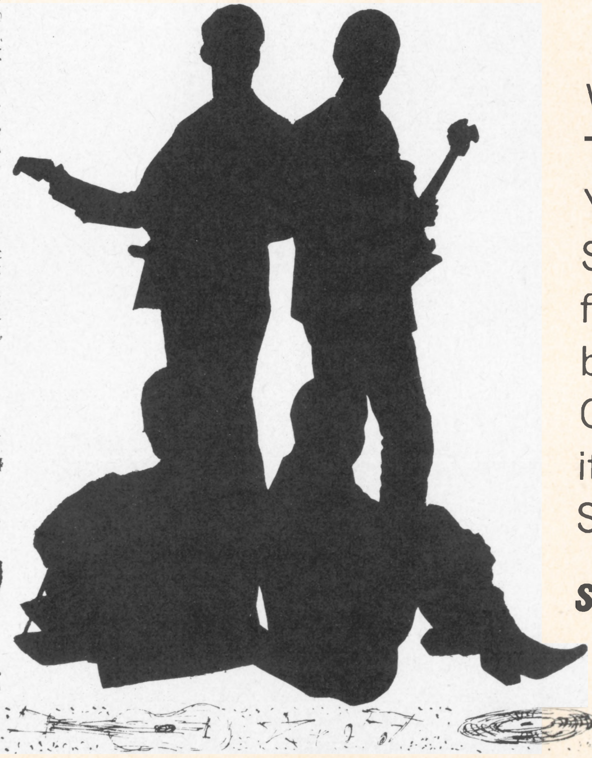
GUESS WHAT—we have formed our own group



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The Beatles – Feature Inside

RINGO

JOHN